

## New Year and Health

The Old Sentinel sends its New Year greetings to everybody and especially to every afflicted one, wishing them a complete restoration to health, ere the new moon comes again.

We are glad to learn of the improved condition of Mother W. J. Alkire. May you soon be able to be up and get a square meal for those "kids" of yours; it will be a task we know, as long as Henry is in the list.

Marie Hodgins' friends will be glad to know that she is now able to be placed in a chair, and sit up at times during the day.

Dr. Evans is doing very well, but he is raising thunder all through the day, just because he has to stay in bed all the time. He knows now what it is to be housed up and confined to his bed.

To A. A. Wright, while we are glad to have you come to town "foot back," may you improve as to be able to make it both ways without the use of your auto.

To Nathan Smith, who is very feeble from advanced years, and his daughter, Lydia, who was injured in an auto accident, September 11th, we wish for a complete recovery, ere the first month of 1917 passes.

To Clarence Dinwiddie, who was accidentally shot December 15th, who is improving nicely, we hope that his recovery may be complete within a week or two.

To Ed Gibson, who has been having a time for a long time with his propellers, we trust he may be able to run a fast race with the ground hog if he dares to come out of his hole. Ed is improving right along.

## Obituary.

Ida Bell Forney was born June 22nd, 1868, near Oregon, Mo., where she made her home with her parents until her marriage, December 12th, 1892 to George W. Flory, of Imperial, Nebraska, near which place they lived until 1902. They then moved to their present home seven miles north of Nampa, where she died December 8th 1916, at the age of 48 years 5 months and 16 days. She leaves a husband and two sons, Ray and Earl, an aged father, two brothers and eight sisters to mourn their loss.

Mrs. Maude King a sister living near Middleton, is the only relative living in the west, aside from the husband and two sons. Mrs. Flory was the fifth child from a family of twelve children, the father, S. B. Forney, two brothers and remaining sisters living near Mound City, Mo. Mrs. Flory united with the Methodist church at a very early age, then in 1897, she joined the church of the Brethren, in which faith she passed away. She lived a devoted Christian life, was a faithful wife and a loving mother, and a true friend, who will be greatly missed in the community where she did many acts of loving service.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. J. F. Ullery, in the Boise Valley church, and the remains were laid to rest in the near by cemetery, Nampa, Idaho, Record, Dec. 23, 1916.

## A Joyous Landing

Every year just as sure as the Yule tide season comes, just that certain does the large family of Charles Anselment, gather around the family board, and have a good time. The children do the act while Pa and Ma Anselment just look on and enjoy the good things to eat that their "kids" in rotation put up to them. It takes about 8 years to make the rounds—this was the 8th and it fell to the lot of the twins; Mrs. E. A. Netherland, of this city, and Mrs. A. A. Crews, of Craig. Mrs. Crews came and the sisters got busy, over at the home of Father and Mother Anselment, where they prepared a meal fit for the Kaiser to enjoy.

There were just twenty-four present, including Ed, Gibson and wife, to enjoy the meal, and from what we can learn on the side, they had a time. Say, when one reads of such occasions, it makes them feel that life after all is worth its living.

## That Wild Mexican

M. Garcia, the wild Mexican, who raised such a disturbance on the Villisca train on December 18th, between Bigelow and Mound City, in which he stabbed three persons, had his preliminary hearing on Tuesday of this week. Dr. H. B. Russell, of Skidmore, one of the parties stabbed, and Leford Goatcher, of Skidmore, who knocked the Mexican down with the stove poker, were witnesses for the state, the state being represented by Prosecuting Attorney Tibbels, the hearing being before Esquire Jacob King. In default of bail, Garcia was committed to jail to await the action of the circuit court.

## Attention, Comrades!

Members of Meyer Post, G. A. R., will meet at the home of D. P. Dobyns on Saturday, January 27th, at 2 p. m. Installation of officers-elect and other important business should bring the members together.

## G. W. CUMMINS, Commander.

## F. S. MORGAN, Adjutant.

## Warning

No hunting or trespassing allowed upon our farms.

## CHARLES MARKT, HENRY WEIS.

—Recently Chas. Nute, wife and son, Albert, and Mrs. J. W. Nedrow, of Maitland, and Mrs. Baker, of Brookfield, mother of Mrs. Nute, spent the day with Bert Maple and wife. Mrs. Nedrow is Mrs. Maple's mother, and Mr. Nute is a brother-in-law, by his former wife, and Albert a nephew.

—Robert E. Porter and Miss Vina Ruth, of Mound City, were visiting here Wednesday of this week, December 27th, and while here obtained considerable from commercial Andy Deakers, our recorder, and then Elder E. H. Dawson, not them in the recorder's office, and said the words that made them husband and wife.

## They Will Come Back.

No matter what the occasion or event—Christmas, New Year, Fourth of July, at college or wherever they may be, if ever a resident, they will come back whenever the occasion presents. We noticed the following here his holiday season:

Dr. Chas. Simpson and wife, of Yates Center, Kansas; Miss Alberta Bragg, who is teaching in the Normal, Oklahoma, Normal; Miss Blanche Markland, teacher in the high school at Falls City, Nebraska; Miss Trot King, teaching in the high school at Corning, Iowa; Miss Katharine King, Hanson Murray, Lester Bailey and Joe Holbrook, students at the State University, Columbia, Mo.; Reginald Hinde, of the College of Agriculture, Manhattan, Kansas; Bruce Burgess, Western University, Delaware, Ohio; Corbin Markland, wife and family, of Atchison, Kansas; Milton S. Moore, J. C. Pitts, wife and family, Mrs. F. L. Crampton, Kansas City; Dr. Leonard Botkin, Cherryvale, Kansas; Dr. Ben Bailey, wife and little daughter, Rock Port, Mo.; Miss Nellie Graham, Elwood McDonald, wife and children, Dr. W. C. Proud, wife and children, St. Joseph; George C. Kaucher, wife and daughter, Frances, Memphis, Tennessee; Clara Hibbard, wife and baby, Adolph Geil, Omaha, Nebraska; James Carder and wife, Mrs. Maude Narans, Mrs. Anna Seeman, Miss Minnie Hoffman, August Tapken and wife, Herbert Caskey, wife and family, St. Joseph; Oakley Morris, Mound City; Harry Johnston, Kansas City; Dr. Ray Evans and wife, Savannah, Mo.; Mrs. Charles Geiger, St. Joseph; Will and Harvey Meyer, Kansas City; W. O. Leiser, wife and baby, Blackburn, Missouri; Mrs. Paul Miller and children, of St. Joseph, Mo., were the guests of Grandpa and Grandma, James R. Brown and wife; Littleton Darnell and wife, of Mound City; Rev. A. D. Seelig and wife, of Humboldt, Nebraska; Will Davidson and wife, Illinois, Scott county, Mo.; Laurence Killam, wife and baby, of Gallatin, Mo.

## Start the New Year by buying Furniture at Martin's

## Married.

Miss Esther Whitman, eldest daughter of W. L. Whitman and wife, was quietly married at the home of her pastor in St. Joseph, to Mr. C. W. Meadows, of Omaha, Nebraska, last Sunday afternoon, December 24, 1916.

Esther is an Oregon girl, having lived here all her life and attended the public school until three years ago, when she removed to St. Joseph with her parents. Almost immediately after her arrival in the city, she took up employment with the Hirsch Brothers Dry Goods Company, and was in their employ for two years, not missing a day, only while she took her annual vacation. The last year she has been with the Martin-Barnes Dry Goods Co., and gave up her position only a few days prior to her marriage.

Mr. Meadows is a St. Joseph young man, having lived there most of his life. He took for his profession that of pattern and core maker for the Berry Foundry, and was continuously in their employ for more than four years. A few months ago he had a better paying position offered him by a foundry in Omaha, Neb., and took the offer, and has since made that place his home. He decided that it was not well for man to live alone, and came back to St. Joseph to get the girl of his choice for a wife, and they almost immediately left for Omaha to take up their residence as their future home—the home they had often planned for their future happiness. Mr. Meadows had the home prepared and ready for his bride after their marriage. Mrs. Maple, grandmother of the bride, says she has several grandsons to come into the family, but this is the first grown-up grandson that has come into her family. The congratulations of many friends and relatives are extended to the couple, wishing them a long and happy life.

## Asks for Partition.

A suit that promises to be interesting, if it is ever brought to trial, is that of Mrs. Sarah A. Thornton, a resident of California, who has filed a suit in the United States Court at St. Joseph, asking for the partition of the old Levi Devorss farm, of 370 acres, in Forbes township, and also that of five town lots in the town of Forbes. The petition cites as defendants, Julia A. Devorss, Mary F. Young, A. G. Young and Joseph S. Ross. Mrs. Thornton claims a one-tenth interest in the estate, in inheritance.

The defendant, we presume, is a daughter of Rebecca Devorss-Quinn, who is a grandchild of Levi Devorss, the founder of Forbes, who laid out the town in 1869, the year following the building of the railroad through that town, the first train of cars being pulled through the town on August 9, 1868. Mr. Devorss died April 30, 1888, and his wife died November 9, 1879.

The children of the family were: Mrs. Rebecca Quinn, Mary H. Young, Lucetta Ross, Geo. R. Devorss, and Miss Julia.

## Death of R. P. C. Wilson

R. P. C. Wilson, for many years prominent in the political affairs of the state and this congressional district, died in Kansas City, Missouri, Thursday, at the home of his son, Francis Wilson, U. S. district attorney. He is survived by two sons.

He was a member of the first legislature of Kansas, speaker of the Missouri House of Representatives, and State Senator during the years of 1880-82. During 1880-82, he represented this district in Congress, and in 1888, was a member of the National convention that nominated Grover Cleveland.

—During Dec., 1886, the Lincoln school house was destroyed by fire. On April 21, 1914, it was again burned to the ground.

The Holiday season affords us welcome opportunity of expressing to your our warmest regards and our hearty appreciation of your patronage.

We extend to you the compliments of the season, and wish you happiness and prosperity in all your affairs throughout the coming years.

Henninger Drug Co.

## OUR WISHES

We hope you had a Merry, Joyous Christmas, and hope you may have a Prosperous New Year.

We appreciate the trade, you have given us the past year, trusting that you feel you have had value, received, and trust that you will continue to deal liberally with us during the New Year of 1917.

Mrs. E. A. Netherland

## Burr Oak.

—Wm. Hopper is visiting relatives in Burr Oak, Kansas.

—Miss Lou Sinclair is spending the holidays with home folks.

—Hazel Carter visited her brother, Howard, the first of the week.

—We understand Mrs. Martha Alkire is not so well the last few days.

—Our teacher, Miss Jamison, is spending the holidays in Kansas City.

—Mrs. H. A. Rowles, who has been sick for some time, is still on the sick list.

—Quite a number of people around here were shopping in St. Joseph, last week.

—Jim Blevins was having a siege of neuralgia last week, but is able to be out again now.

—Vince Hopper and family spent Christmas day at the Sipes home, south of Forest City.

—Dorothy Lippold, the youngest child of Emil Lippold and wife, is very ill with pneumonia.

—School closed Friday evening, with a short program and a Christmas tree. There will be a week's vacation.

—J. B. Van Deever left here Saturday to spend the holidays and the winter months with his sons, near King City.

—H. A. Bowles returned home last Wednesday from St. Louis, where he has been visiting with his sister, Mrs. Herman Downing, and other relatives.

—An entertainment and Christmas tree was given at the Idlewild school house on Christmas eve. There was a large audience and everybody seemed to enjoy the evening.

EGO.

—W. E. Browning, of Parkville, is the guest of his friend, Paul V. Allen.

—Our "White Way" is going up along the north side of the public square.

—Mrs. Sarah E. Phillips, of Savannah, is visiting her son, E. O. Phillips and wife.

—Uncle John C. Hinkle, E. E. Hinkle, A. L. and J. L. Robinson, of Fortescue, had business in Oregon, Wednesday of this week.

—Mrs. Charles L. Davis, of Beatrice, Neb., is visiting her parents, Rev. J. H. Kiplinger and wife.

—Conrad Ideker and son, William, of Craig, were here Tuesday, looking after some business matters.

—County court was in session a few days this week, reading up their record for the past six months.

—T. A. Ward, of the Farmers' & Merchants' Bank, of Craig, was here on business, Wednesday of this week.

—Miss Etta Greene will entertain the Priscilla's at the Royal Theatre with a "line" party, Friday, evening, of this week, December 29.

—George S. Lukens, real estate dealer and money lender, has removed his office up stairs in the Van Buskin building, over the post office.

—Born to Louis M. Pinkston and wife, of St. Joseph, Mo., at the Noyes hospital in that city, Christmas day, 1916, a fine baby girl, weighing 9 1/4 pounds. The congratulations of many friends from Oregon and vicinity, go to them.

J. C. WHITMER, DENTIST.

PROUD BUILDING.

North Side of Square.

Both Phones.

## A New Year's Allegory

CROSS the snowbound earth the New Year stepped buoyantly. A splendid youth he was, with radiant eyes, full red lips and the star of hope set above his brows.

Life called to him, called with a thousand eager voices, and he smiled as he listened, remembering that for a whole year the world and the men thereon were his.

Far away under the frozen sky a blaze of light shone like a jewel, and he quickened his steps as he turned toward the city.

And, though the lights shone boldly when he entered it, most of the streets were empty. Only a few men were about, and as the wind whirled at corners they ran for shelter.

In one of the streets the New Year met a woman. A dark veil fluttered around her, so that he could not distinguish her form, but her face was very sweet as she bent and clasped a child to her heart. The New Year gave her greeting.

"You are Charity, I know," he said.

Charity laid her hand in his and smiled. And, for all his youth, her smile set him dreaming of green woods and golden sunshine, of vague, sweet things that were still unknown to him. Indeed, so deeply did he dream that as he walked he collided with another woman.

Another woman!

A glittering gas moth this, with a pert, powdered face, carnized lips and hard, bright eyes.

"All hail!" she cried mockingly. "I shall be your constant companion, for I am Sin, and where men are there you will always find me."

The New Year shrank back, and his face darkened. But Sin pressed close to him, laughed loudly and, tearing a rose from those at her breast, tossed it to him, as with a rustle of silk she passed on. The rose fell on the snow powdered walk, and when the New Year would have picked it up, lo, it was aculeated, and as its crimson petals fell around him he saw that a worm was hid in its heart.

Another form came in sight—in the garb of a monk with a dark "All hail!" she cried mockingly, his eyes were upon the ground, and his lips moved in prayer for all mankind. So tender, and pitiful was his face that even before he cried, "Miserere Domine!" the New Year guessed that his name was Mercy.

Very cold it grew as the New Year turned into a mean street, so cold that he sought refuge in the porch of a darkened house. Yet there prevailed such a grateful warmth that he pressed back to learn its cause and so brushed against a boy—a boy with a wan, beautiful face, tangled hair and rapt eyes. Shabby, desolate and tired he looked, yet the New Year was wonderfully attracted to him.

"Why are you here alone?" he asked. "I am never alone," corrected the boy, and he stepped aside so that the New Year caught the fragrance of his breath and saw that two great wings were furled behind him, and in the shadow of his wings an old man and an old woman crouched together. How tired, how poor, they looked! But an expression of ineffable tenderness shone on their pinched faces as they lay, white head against white head, chilled breast against chilled breast.

"I am all they have," whispered Love as tears filled his wonderful eyes. "They have never failed me, and I shall stay with them until the end."

"I am the End!" called another voice, and a grim figure mounted the steps.

"Not yet," begged Love, and he tried to bar the stranger's way. But at sight of the scythe the other bore Love's great wings drooped.

"Mine is the best gift of all," whispered the newcomer as he bent over the forlorn couple.

Silently the New Year walked alone with the night and the stars and the scurrying snow. And as he hurried on the darkness faded into the cerise paler of dawn. He stretched out his arms and welcomed his first day.

"Charity, Sin, Mercy, Love and Death," he cried—"all mine! How shall I choose from among you?"

A shadow fell across him; there was a sound as of wings beating the air, and Love, rosy, triumphant and eternal, caught his hands. "Let me go with you all your days," he pleaded.

"You mine is the gift which crowns Charity, vanquishes Sin, glories Mercy and fears not Death."



HAPPY NEW YEAR, men and women!

Happy New Year, girls and boys!

Let me wish you all sincerely

Twelve months brimming full of joys.

May new hopes and aspirations

Stir within your hearts today,

Scorning last year's disappointments

From your memories away.

Turn around and face the sunshine

With its constant warmth and cheer,

Firm resolving you will seek it

Every day throughout the year.

Clouds which darken your horizon,

While you're gazing toward the light,

Are collections of thin vapor

Which will soon drift out of sight.

Let unselfish love for others

Prompt you oft to noble deeds;

Flowers blooming by the roadside

Are more beautiful than weeds.

Through life's mazes we all wander,

Many stumble as though blind,

So a helping hand be often

Stretching forth to lift mankind.

May this New Year be much better

Than the other years you've passed;

Let it be a strong foundation,

Built to hold your future fast.

Use enough good bricks and mortar

So your edifice won't shake

Should the earth begin to tremble

With a war or gale or quake.

—Grace Sorenson in Omaha World-Herald.

## A New Year's Day Reflection

A LL years are not alike in value to the race or the individual; neither are all days. There are black days and white days, weeks that are burdensome and weeks that are like a merry elixir of bells, months that rumble with the thunder of defeat and months that resound with the shouts of victory.

There is no monotony in time. It varies as does the landscape. In one period it is as level as a western prairie, with no special experiences to mark its passage; in another changes come and events occur which make the weeks resemble the Alleghenies, mountain heights gathered together like a great company of giants whose shining helmets are visible though you have traveled far away and stand on your horizon line; in still another some day or week with its wondrous happenings rises from the plain of memory like a veritable Mont Blanc, and though seventy years be counted in your calendar you still see its summit and say, "That was the hour when my new life began."

New Year's Eve Among the Rayahs.

The Greeks who dwell in Turkish territory and are subjects of the sultan are known as Greek Rayahs. They follow the Greek calendar, according to which Jan. 1 comes on our Jan. 14.

New Year's eve is a great time for the Rayah boys. As soon as they ring the bell of a house the door is thrown open and the voice of the master is heard, saying, "Let the boys in at once! Give them money, fruit and all that they can carry of St. Basil's cake. Come on, servants: fill their pockets while they give us their song!"

Then the poor children, delighted by the warm welcome of the host and the profusion of dainty things given them, sing with frenzy the romantic little tale of St. Basil, patron saint of the home and of the young, and end with the calling down of numerous blessings on the generous family during the new year.—Youth's Companion.

On the First Morning.

It is curious to find the Puritan Judge Sewall a humorist on all holidays and not days, recording with much pleasure his being awakened on New Year's morning in some Boston inn for a burst of frost of January, and he celebrated Jan. 1, 1700, which he thought was the opening of a new century, by writing a very poor poem and causing it to be read or recited through the town by the town clerk.

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